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SHOTS FROM THE MONITOR:

OR,

FACTS FOR THE TIMES.

BY
LEO ✓ GRENARD.

"Amor ducit patriæ." — The love of my country leads me."

NEW YORK:

SINCLAIR TOUSEY, 121 NASSAU STREET;

H. DEXTER, HAMILTON & CO., 113 NASSAU STREET.

1864.



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[710.1.]

BY
LEO GRENARD.

"If thou hast strength, 'twas Heaven that strength bestowed;
For know, vain man, that valor is from God."—YOUNG.



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SHOTS FROM THE MONITOR.

CHAPTER I.

THE MAN FOR THE TIMES.

He fills his space with deeds, and not with lingering years. .

OVID.

WE can but perceive that in order to restore peace and prosperity ; to disarm all future attempts at rebellion ; to crush out the hydra-headed monster, Slavery ! and bless our land with universal freedom ; to rear philanthropic institutions which may prove as stumbling blocks in the way of Foreign Intervention ;—in fine, to elevate this nation to the true position she is destined to occupy among the nations of the earth, as an example of true dignity, heroism, Christian philanthropy, justice, and truth, she must have for her Executive a man whose heart is filled with love for his country and humanity ; a man possessed of great firmness of character, indomitable will and untiring energy ; a man who cannot be swerved by public opinion, for the sake of popularity ; a man who looks to the interest and welfare

of the nation, rather than the interest of his own pocket. We claim not the man who sighs after earthly pomp and courtly homage; who would barter his country's birthright for gold; rob her of the sacredness of virtue by riveting the chains of Slavery more closely around her; rearing the slave-pen upon Freedom's soil, overshadowed by the upas, Secession; making Slavery the chief corner-stone of the oligarchy of national glory! Not the man who can fold himself calmly in the hideous embrace of Treason, and pour out affections, which claim no domestic tie, upon the polluted form of Secession! Not a Robespierre, who cunningly yet narrowly escapes through the "Underground Railroad" of Democracy (known as "Copperhead") the clenching jaws of the guillotine, while it rolls off the heads of his innocent victims! Not him who, unable to withstand the consuming fires of destruction which he has enkindled, shrinks silently into the slough of neutrality—sells his own soul to the Son of Perdition—throws his mantle of iniquity upon a bloodthirsty Nero, who shakes its infections dust upon the "mudsills of society," yet bids them breathe not the malaria upon his "heaven-created chattels!" Not the man who "hopes against hope" to build up a Southern aristocracy, whose foundation will be human bondage and degradation of soul! Not the man who can gloat over the blood of the slain, listen to the wails of the dying and the moans of the widow and fatherless, caused by his accursed treachery and imbecility, without feeling the agonizing throes of a withering and an undying remorse! We submitted four years to the tyranny of such a *human monster*! to the ignominy

and disgrace this imposition upon humanity has brought upon us; while he, dwelling in security, in single blessedness, yet lives to father a numerous progeny of the hissing, crawling, reptile race, whose only record in the future will be treason, secession, ignominy, and shame! Thanks to the Lord of the just, our national halls are no longer desecrated by the cloven foot of this monstrosity in human shape! May the God of vengeance have mercy upon his unpardoned soul!

* * * * *

At the helm of state stands the good and honest man who, aided by the noble heroism and philanthropy of his people, has saved the Union, though rent, from being sundered, and has driven this infamous Rebellion into extremities in which it may not hope to escape extinction, and the utter extermination of all its diabolical schemes to overthrow the Government, divide the Union, and curse our land with a monarchical despotism, whose baseness would shock and distract the universe! Heaven bless this "honest" man, who has sought, in all he *has done*, the best interest of his country.

If he has sometimes seemed "too slow," the nation, with her great charitable heart, and magnanimous spirit, has possessed the forbearance and the patience to "wait." If he possessed not the foresight to see and comprehend the magnitude of this mighty Rebellion, he is indeed blameless for the immense sacrifice of life which it has cost, and the procrastination which has at times "stolen the march upon our armies," while the enemy has been preparing to shell our batteries and trample upon Freedom's soil.

If he has suffered men of inexpedience to command ; our army to go into winter quarters, to wait ! wait ! wait ! giving the foe abundant time to strengthen his forts, increase his army, and be ready to start, like two boys about to begin a foot-race, upon even chances of victory ; if he has suffered some of our best and most efficient officers to be removed, or others less worthy to be placed over them, in order to “ prevent jealousies, and keep peace in the family,” it has been with the view to better the condition of things and to save the army from strife and discord. If it was his province to countermand the first Proclamation of Emancipation, to which even Democracy then responded a hearty Amen ! [when had it at once been made universal the whole world would have huzzahed “ Long live America ”] for not only our own land but all Europe had long been watching eagerly for the “ Policy ” that was to save the country from destruction and ruin, and crush out every vestige of an unholy Rebellion ;—if he could not foresee that to countermand such a policy would produce disquiet, lukewarmness, a milk-and-water policy pregnant with evils, which would breed rapidly those odious reptiles whose poisonous fangs would ever be aimed at the heart of the Union and the heel of the Nation ;—if he could not perceive that a volcanic fire emanating from the Nation’s life-pulse was beginning to throb and to throw off the exuviæ of public opinion, that in the great uprising he would be compelled to open his vision to the fact that to weaken the Rebellion he must demolish the “ peculiar institution,”—if, we say, he did not foresee that he would be compelled to adopt the policy which he

then refused to recognize in order to save the Nation and preserve the Union, he is fully justified in his course, though it fail not to prolong the war, and wring from our heart's loved ones, drop by drop of human gore. We firmly believe that whatever he did in regard to Slavery was done solely with the view to save the Union and to restore peace and happiness to the bosom of the nation.

Yet why was not *emancipation* his policy, when the first cannonade, pealing over Sumter—sounding the death-knell to slavery—awakened the spirit of patriotism within the breast of mankind, causing millions of hearts to breathe the higher and holier inspirations of freedom in one grand anthem, whose musical echoes, harmonizing the world, will cease only in the eternity of God, whose sublime truths will ally humanity more firmly with the divinity of the future, when man shall indeed become “little lower than the angels crowned with glory and honor,”—acknowledging that true “valor is from God.”

Why did not the God-like voice of freedom, thundering from the skies “Emancipation,” electrifying the world with the most wonderful and sublime sympathy which earth had felt since the rocks and the mountains were cleft asunder at the “bursting of the bonds of clay,” by that holy One who gave to rebellious and erring men pardon and redemption, enkindle within his soul the unquenchable longings for freedom and righteousness; for holiness and truth?

Had he not listened long enough to the stern war cry “Onward to Richmond!” and to the thrilling appeal, “Reinforce!” to fear the dangers of delay?

O, could not the wails of the widow and orphan ascending on high in agonizing death throes, cause him to take one step nearer heaven by crushing out the monster Slavery?

Had not the blood of heroes slain in the conflict nerved him with sufficient strength to stand aloof from the contaminating influence of that public opinion, whose prestige was the blackness of despair, and to whose presence clings the withering curse of remorse; and to look full into the light of heaven, until by the breath of his soul and the brightness of his example should issue forth that fire of the nation's indignation against slavery which would burn the stubble of secession, utterly consume the vitals of the arch-fiend Treason, and banish rebellion from the earth?

Why, then, was his heart hardened against all importunities until the Christian Delegation, the ministry of his own State, were moved by Almighty God to utter a rebuke, to force themselves upon him, and to plead in the name of Him whom they worshipped and served, for the sundering of the yoke of bondage and the deliverance of the bondman from oppression,—from the most accursed and servile despotism which has ever corrupted the body politic of a nation, and sent its thousands to dens of degradation, vice, misery, want and woe?

Is it not distinctly perceptible that the hand of God was to be manifested in quelling this Rebellion? Was not the heart of the ruler of this people to be hardened, as was the heart of Pharaoh against the children of Israel, until they had humbled themselves before God—that they might struggle more earnestly to perpetuate *prin-*

ciples and not slavery. Battling with difficulties the most arduous and perplexing, contending with a domestic foe the most formidable and determined, he has indeed shown an honest desire to act well the noblest part according to the *best of his abilities*.

“He has done well,” is echoing from the overflowing fountain of gratitude welling up from the nation’s heart; and we should endeavor to be satisfied with “doing well,” for did he not truly “wait and see the salvation of the Lord?”

His election as President “was one grand step—at that time leading us from the pro-slavery darkness toward the light of freedom. Now is the time, and this the favorable hour—for us to take one more step toward a higher, truer standard of freedom and light! We must not go backward or stand still;—God is moving in events. We must move forward under a more earnest and radical leader.—God help us.”

If, now, as the signs of the times seem to indicate, the mission of this servant of God, as the ruler of this people, is being ended;—and if, in the wise providence of God, he shall be set aside, that another may give pre-eminence of worth to the place which he occupies, while God rides upon the whirlwind and directs the storm,” until the “bow of promise” shall again span the horizon, we can only respond “Amen! not our will—but, our Heavenly Father, ‘Thy will be done.’”

* * * * * *

“God said, Let there be light, and there was light.”

As a Nation, struggling for the maintenance of those humane and inalienable rights bequeathed to us through

the blood of our fore-fathers, by the All-wise, we have "done well," but the great popular heart is beginning to throb against languor of purpose, and to long with an intensity which cannot remain smothered to "do better."

When the time arrives for the great national heart to throw off the incubus of procrastination, the man with the "policy and purpose" will be appreciated, and the Nation will be ready for him. Then will follow the recompense for all the injustice shown him, for the want of knowledge of his true character, and of appreciation of his mighty soul and his eternal principles. It was not the purpose of God that the flashing bayonet of this bloodthirsty Rebellion should pierce his great heart, or desecrate the clayey tabernacle which contains the immortal spirit which shall live for ever in the heart of the Nation, when all that is earthly of the man shall have passed away. It was not the design of Providence that the Rebel foe should trample upon the blood of him whose whole life, were it given to the world, would be embodied in the one simple sentence, Freedom, honor, justice, truth, humanity, and magnanimity of purpose. It is the Providence of God that this man should "wait," that he should serve a nobler end.

Every great national change is heralded. As the good Apostle John went before to prepare the way of the footsteps of Him who was to redeem the human race from sin and perdition, so, likewise, is our good and honest President but the herald of a greater who shall come in God's own good time, whenever the Nation is

prepared to receive him. He will come clothed in the dignity of a hero, and in the humility of a child, with a soul of inborn love for his country which can never perish, holding within the palm of his hand the good seed he is destined to sow, which no political wind shall scatter ere it has taken deep root in human soil, from which a luxurious harvest of good works will spring forth to replenish mankind with the blessings of heaven. When he is the nominee of the *people*, the voice of humanity will go up to God in faith in his behalf; for he is the friend of freedom and of religion, and he will be elected by the largest majority ever given to a President. Then let his oppressors remain silent! Their writhing tongues will fall powerless, for he will establish the national peace and happiness upon a permanent basis, upon a foundation so secure that neither tempests of Secession nor tornadoes of Rebellion can shake it, for it will be founded upon the Rock of Freedom. Humanity will be the corner-stone, and Religion the basis, of the "temple made without hands" in the heart of the Nation, to endure for ever and for ever!

CHAPTER II.

PATRIOTS AND TRAITORS.

“Truth is stranger than fiction.”

How thrills and throbs the heart with joy or woe at the sound of these momentous words—momentous because upon the success of the one, and the downfall of the other, hangs the destiny of this great American nation.

Shall the patriot, Freedom, triumph, and the traitor Rebellion, be defeated—aye, crushed and silenced forever? Your answer will go down to the future beaming in the light of justice and truth, or burning in the blackness of treason and remorse! Pause! consider well ere you decide. Every act you shall put forth in this great cause of God and humanity will be recorded in the Lamb’s book of life, He who seeth in secret will reward thee openly.

This dark and terrible rebellion is waged, not against party or politics; against individuals or a nation; but it is waged against principles as eternal as the heavens—against nations struggling for freedom, and groaning beneath the iron yoke of despotism. He who fails to acknowledge this truth will carry with him to the bar of

Jehovah the brand of ignominy. The Lord of righteousness judges us according to the motives of the heart, and to Him every secret thought and wish is made known. Then awake, O ye who are slow of heart and dull of understanding; the Almighty will no longer be put off, for he has stirred up this nation to purification and to honor. Are you then on the Lord's side? or will you doom yourselves to woe and misery? These are serious questions which you cannot avoid answering either in word or in deed. Think not that you can sin in silence that your heart can become a whited sepulcher—that you can look calmly on in the great struggle with this gigantic rebellion, and say within your soul, I wash my hands of this monster's blood—not one drop shall stain my garments.

Woe, woe to thee, sinful man! Is thy mortal clay—the dust which perisheth—more precious in thy sight than the immortal, which endureth through countless ages? Wilt thou sell thy soul for a goblet of bubbling praise, or thy birthright to heaven for a grain of filthy lucre?

Art thou fearful of the voice of freedom which is sounding throughout the land? Then will the rocks and the mountains cry out, Hide, oh hide us from the presence of this monster of selfishness!—this demon of evil!

Again we repeat: This war is one of principles, whether man shall acknowledge the fact or not. It is God's war against the vile institution of Beelzebub. Nor will the rebellion cease, and the white dove of peace return to our shores until the kingdom of slavery is utterly overthrown!—not until it is torn up root and

branch, and cast to the four winds of heaven. Accursed is he who would raise the hand to withstay the destruction of this abominable evil. His name shall go down to the future cursed with the blackness of treason and rebellion!—treason against humanity, and rebellion against God. Long, long have the sins of the nation cried out against us! Until we thoroughly repent and set the bondman free, the Lord will show mercy unto us only as we show mercy to the captives of His flock.

God works in a mysterious way. He will perfect the seed which he has sown ere the harvest is over; and if his reapers are not all in the field, it is because He has reserved some to garner up the wheat and restore the land to its former fertility. Remember that his providence overrules the destiny of this nation.

Many of our noble patriots have gone forth to water the soil of freedom with their precious blood; but the voice of heroism will not perish in their graves, for it lives in the record of all their acts, and in the golden opinions they have left to the future. Posterity will shed tears of gratitude above their green mounds, and generations to come will rise up and call them blessed; for they are the true peace-makers of the earth. In Heaven they will reap their rich and glorious reward.

* * * * *

Solemnly and with measured step we trace the lines of the living heroes—the honored patriots—honored of God, though forgotten of man. All along they stand, here courted, there discarded—here flattered, there condemned. What matters it to us whether they are

fettered or free? We hear not the prayers of the nation ascending in their behalf, pleading earnestly for the return of that justice which will be welcomed to our land when right shall triumph and oppression be cast down.

What matters it, after they have fought and bled in our country's cause, that the voice of bitter calumny should arise against them, withering their brightest hopes, and blighting their noblest aspirations. The crown can ne'er be won without the plat of thorns.

They who have given their noblest energies to their country's cause, though they are martyred upon the shrine of ambition—suffering only misfortunes here, yet shall they reign immortal, for there awaiteth them a glorious hereafter, where they will be judged, according to the motives of the heart, by the Infinite and Holy One, who knows no prejudice or favoritism toward any worthy creature of His guardian care.

He who, whether living or dead, is offered up a worthy sacrifice on his country's altar, becomes god-like in his being. His deeds will be as stepping-stones of the nation to the temple of enduring peace. His name will become one of the brightest jewels in the diadem on high.

What behooves it to us that the "liberator" came with a soul filled with the purest patriotism and benevolence toward his country and humanity, which we—blind to such magnanimity—mistook for self-love and extravagance; that he sacrificed comfort and pleasure, for perils and arduous struggles, where only the most

indomitable courage could sustain life, to add to our storehouse of science and art.

What matters it that after his energetic and soul-stirring labors, crowned with success, and adding to our borders new and untold wealth, with its sunny skies and its golden valleys of fertility, that he was unjustly accused of crimes of which he was innocent, and by his own noble and masterly defense obliterated every vestige of evidence—*false as treason!*—against himself, leaving his fame unsullied, and his soul untarnished.

What matters it that he—the Garibaldi of America—gave us a policy which his advanced mind foresaw would be the only true one to crush out this ferocious rebellion, and which proved unacceptable *then* to our limited and trammelled ideas of freedom? Not the less welcome shines the sun of Emancipation now upon the poor captive, that its radiance, instead of illumining the world, was for a time dimmed by clouds of distrust.

What matters it that the great cry against the gunboats was not hushed until they became a necessity to the Government? They have not proved less serviceable in putting down the rebellion.

And lastly, what matters it to us that he who is pre-eminently qualified to command an army, or to govern a nation, should be set aside to *wait* God's time to serve that country, in her hour of peril, whom he loves more than life—that life which he would not dishonor to save?

After long years of untiring energy and unflinching

hardships it is well that burdens should be lessened that he may increase the vitality which will be called into action when the All-Merciful shall send him forth to bind up the wounds of the nation, restore the equilibrium of her virtue, and plant the banners of her love upon the rock of moral rectitude and Christian perpetuity.

Then will the *people* learn the magnanimity of his patience, his noble forbearance, and his heaven-born forgiveness for the wrongs which he has suffered.

Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth. Verily the godlike of earth are as the godlike in heaven.

* * * * * * *

How mysterious is the wisdom of Jehovah. How inscrutable are the ways of His providence.

He who suffered Joseph to be persecuted, and sold into bondage by his brethren, was able to raise him up to humble that people, to save them from perishing, and to rule over them.

The same God—unchangeable in His purposes—who made Esther an instrument in His hands to save His chosen people from destruction, is able to save this nation from being sold into slavery. And He will dispossess the Haman of this Nation—the favorite of the Executive—whose heart, in its evil machinations hath waxed wroth against the men whom this people delighteth to honor. With his co-workers in iniquity, this Haman hath sought every pretext to vilify the fair names of those who bow not, neither do honor to him, and to those whose principles were of darkness, and out of whose hearts issueth every vile deceit, and

every secret that maketh a lie, and worketh abomination in the sight of the Lord. This Haman, who sits in high places is diffusing his contaminating influence throughout the land, causing many to query, "Can the Chief Magistrate press to his bosom and cherish this 'green-eyed' monster, and still be 'honest?' Or, is that which we accounted 'honesty' mere shrewdness?—made to subserve in carrying out political schemes, in the coming campaign."

The people ask—the people would have this problem solved.

Does the Chief Magistrate realize that there is an under current, deep and fathomless, which is sweeping silently on, on—and will wash away the quick-sands of earthly ambition, and cleanse the land of the off-scourings of political despotism; leaving only the pure and unceasing fountain of Truth, which the nation, thirsting for freedom, may freely quaff and become immortal.

Does he know that the Searcher of hearts will not long suffer this Haman to usurp power, working evil, filled with all manner of jealousies towards him whom the people love—the choice of the people—the approved of God.

Let him beware lest the vengeance of a just God shall visit him in the silent watches of the night and cause him to ask, "How have I sinned against Thee, O Lord, and against thy people, that I no longer find favor in the eyes of this Nation, but am cast out and utterly overthrown." Let Haman beware lest the gallows he would erect for another shall fit too closely his own

neck, and around his own malignant form the cloak of ignominy be thrown.

Have those in high places no fear of the wrath of Almighty God? Do they flatter themselves they can go on forever in their wickedness unrebuked? Do they not fear the just and awful retribution of a frowning Providence who cannot be deceived, who will uproot and overturn the dark and loathsome despotic corruption which hides its guilty head underneath the fledgeless wings of base calumny? Do they not fear the just indignation of a people upon whom the insult of intriguing politicians has been heaped until it has become unbearable--politicians whose only aim is to build up themselves on the down-trodden and the oppressed?

But let us turn our attention to the providence of God, asserted through his servant Moses, whom He raised up to lead the Children of Israel to the promised land. And God caused the wicked to be overwhelmed, and utterly swallowed up.

Likewise in our day will the Lord God call suddenly forth one who will honor God and serve His people who shall lead this, His chosen people, from out the bondage of slavery; and God will go before as a pillar of light, and the waters of Freedom will be rolled up on either side. Though Pharaoh may follow with his pro-slavery charioteers, determined to conquer, yet the Lord will deepen the dark waters round about him and he will roll back the overwhelming tide upon him and upon all his host of evil doers and [they shall be swallowed up and slavery shall be known no more forever!

* * * * *

Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord of Hosts. 'Tis well, 'tis well, for it belongeth not to thy people, O Lord, they who are slow to anger, and strong to forgive. Their fame has spread abroad through all the land, as the most munificent in peace, and the most magnanimous in war. Never poured forth such treasures of blood and tears from the bosom of Patriotism, and never escaped so many traitors unchanged! They may crawl in secret—known only by the rattle and the hiss—with aims of death at every footstep of freedom's pace, yet we do not like to disturb them, lest the *party* return upon us its venom and malignity. They may prowl around, like the midnight assassin, seeking the life of the Union—determined to sink the old ship, the Constitution, and still we cry, "Let them alone! they can do us no harm!" They may come out boldly, denouncing the best Government the light of heaven ever shone upon—reviling the Union and the Constitution (divested of its abhorred slave-code) with all the vengeance which the depraved soul can exercise against reason; causing the shedding of innocent blood, by dividing hearts and prolonging strife—yet, instead of making them grand examples to the future, by suspending them betwixt the heavens and earth, undeniable witnesses of the nation's scorn, in our great and awful lenity we only *banish* them across Mason and Dixon's line, teaching them that even the arch-traitor holds them in contempt, and will have no fellowship with them—leaving them to run out of the Confederacy into Canada, or

some less welcome retreat, to await the tribunal of state, honored or dishonored, and politically dead, *dead!*

Or amid the most disgraceful riots which have ever cursed the earth, they may come boldly forward and address the rioters—in language not to be mistaken—as my “friends!” And yet—and yet our merciful Government cries, *suppress* them! but do not harm them! and the people respond, Shall the blood of innocence wash their sins away, and cleanse the stains they fling upon our banner’s folds?

Magnanimous spirit thou, America! Shades of the mighty departed—spirit of Washington and Jackson! come forth to behold yourselves crest-fallen in the magnitude of this merciful and justice-loving age.

Whence cometh the example of such forbearance—such merciful justice, if this be justice? Came it from heaven? from Him who placed an impassable gulf between Dives and Lazarus?

Who cast his offenders into outer darkness, where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth? Who severs the just from the unjust, nor leaves one sinner upon the threshold of heaven to corrupt and drag down His saints to guilt and perdition!

Is not this justice? Aye, the wisdom and justice of the Ruler of the Universe, which no man can gainsay.

Which would be the greater sin, dealing death to traitors within our midst, or the ruthless slaying of thousands, and the breaking of innocent hearts, caused *not by what we have done*, but by neglect of a vigorous prosecution of the war and a triumphant crushing out of traitors. Well may the South cherish some hope

of success so long as the North does not conquer her own traitors at home, but permits them to run at large holding the red torch of treason to every magazine of state, which may become ignited producing devastation and ruin. Well may she dream of golden bowers and licentious luxury brought by the sinewy hands of Ethiopia's sons and daughters—purchased at the price of virtue, by human gore, so long as we remain unconscious of the strength of the foe with whom we are contending. Well may she have some slight grounds of hope to cut the Gordian knot which binds her irrevocably to the Union when the North is lavishing her wealth and her *precious* time in fawning upon the representatives of foreign despots, while she is uniting her men, concentrating her armies, and preparing for a vigorous attack, or a strengthened defense. Still our greatest sins in this holy war are sins of *omission*. Permit us to repeat: We are slow to anger, but strong to forgive.

The tocsin is sounding, and the great day of the nation will shortly be at hand. With our hearts and our minds united in strength in our cause most just we cannot fail to conquer. Sweet freedom will reign over dark treason slain! We will then thank God that He led us on to victory—that he gave us a Garibaldi to sunder the chains of slavery, and set the captive free to seek the salvation of his own soul in the light of that Divine Truth who knows no respecter of persons, and deals justice unto all—who will lead those who listen to His voice, and walk in His footsteps, unto the blissful shores of life everlasting.

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